FFR
№ 217

THE SPRING WOUND MAMMOTH
100
YEARS
OLD
PANCAKE COALITION

## ISSUE № 217: Atmospheric Retention and the Durability of Polyester-Cotton Blends.

Fowl Feathered Review is a quarterly, a disordered artifact of the human impulse to categorize and consume the ephemeral. Produced by the Springwound Mammoth Pancake Coalition—an entity distinct from its waffle-centric counterpart—it is birthed under the Fowlpox Press imprint. Virgil Kay, its editor, presides over this enterprise from a paper canoe adrift on the Passagassawakeag, a river of dubious depth and even more dubious inhabitants. Surrounded by featherheads and their aquatic card games, Kay's reign is absolute, his word the final arbiter in the transformation of boastful souls into doormats. Layout and visual conceits are the province of Cookie Granola, while melodrama and histrionics fall under the purview of Childe Harold. Silent Bill, in his characteristically taciturn manner, provides necessary pauses. The review's structural integrity, or lack thereof, is the domain of Unkie Bob, whose talents extend to the mitigation of typographical errors and the prevention of electrical conflagrations. Everett Enótita serves as Kay's indispensable amanuensis, and the Ecum Secum Literary Brain Trust, in a gesture of dubious beneficence, offers nominal financial support. Printed upon the verdant expanse of Bald Porcupine Island, and laced with the enigmatic Kraa, a bioengineered culinary enigma, the Fowl Feathered Review remains a testament to human ingenuity, or perhaps merely a symptom of cultural decline. ISSN: 1929-7238.

*"I am an observer of life, a non-participant who takes no sides. I am in the regimented society, but not of it."*
*--Moondog, The Viking of 6th Avenue*

Return Policy:
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Fowlpox Press: A Submission Guide for the Determined (or Deluded) To the Aspiring Artist (or Sandwich Enthusiast):

1. Craft (or Culinary Construct): 2–227 poems, a numerical range that hints at both ambition and a troubling lack of self-editing, may find their way to our digital doorstep (fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com). Alternatively, for the visually inclined, paintings numbered 2–953 (a prolific career, or perhaps a basement overflowing with forgotten canvases?) are welcome. We are also, inexplicably, open to submissions of twelve-inch sandwiches.
2. Our physical address: *2505 ∞11* State Street, Bangor, Maine, 04401.

3. The Gatekeeper: Address your offerings to Virgil Kay, Editor. In posession of remarkably discerning taste, or so he believes, Virgil is a rooster of some renown, a creature of instinct and inexplicable confidence. His title, "China Wok Habitue," suggests a broader palate than one might expect from a bird, though it's more likely a testament to the local takeout joint's generous portions. (Please note: Include a bio, a desperate plea for recognition that will likely join the unread masses in the digital purgatory of our slush pile.)
4. Format: Poems, those valiant attempts at capturing the human experience in meter and rhyme, should be attached in a Word document or PDF. Paintings, windows into your soul (or a weekend spent with Bob Ross reruns), must be submitted in JPEG, TIFF, or a format our aging technology can comprehend. Jokes, if they exist, should be delivered in MP3 format. We are, alas, not equipped to handle the nuanced art of the live performance. Sandwiches, a curious offering in the

realm of artistic expression, require clear plastic wrapping and a small packet of Kewpie Mayonnaise. (Pro-tip: The Kewpie packaging is, undeniably, a work of art in its own right, and we encourage you to admire it before consumption.) The Cycle Continues: We exist in a perpetual state of acceptance and rejection. A Sisyphean task, some might say. We receive submissions 365 days a year, a testament to the relentless hope, or perhaps blissful ignorance, of aspiring artists. However, with a heavy heart (and a full crop), we must inform you that rejections also occur 365 days a year.

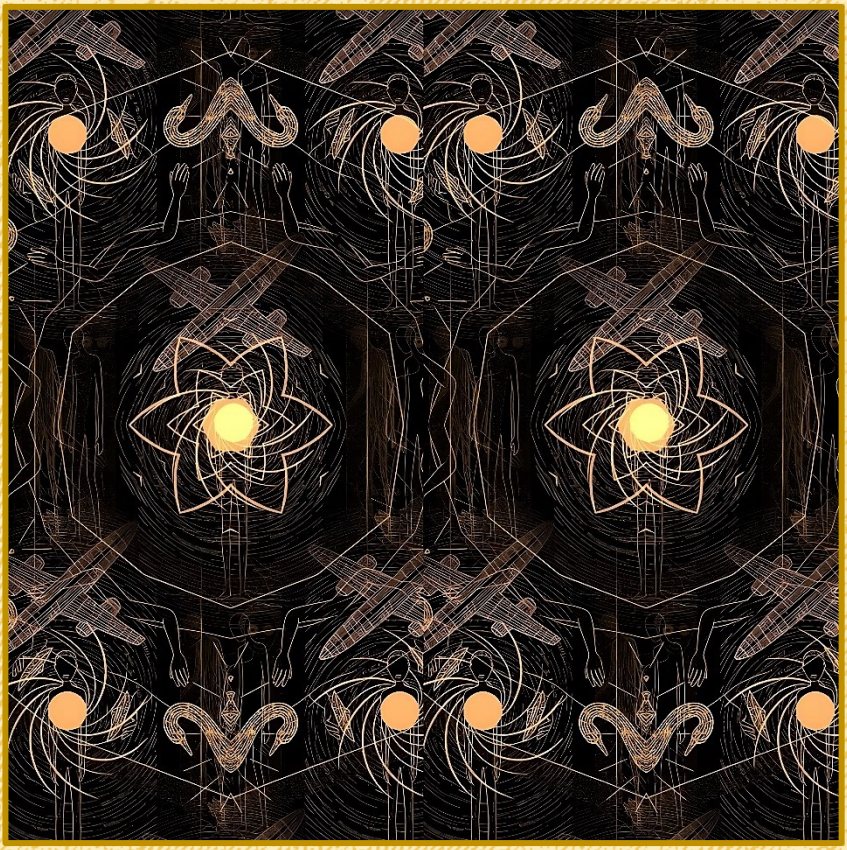
5. The Sandwiches: Ah, the sandwiches. These, unlike your artistic endeavors, find a permanent home within our editorial sanctum. Virgil, in his infinite wisdom, has determined that a diet rich in carbohydrates is essential for maintaining his regal demeanor.
6. Leap Year Follies: Leap years, those extra days gifted by the whims of the calendar, offer no reprieve. Aspiring poets, it seems, are undeterred by such temporal anomalies. You are, however, cordially invited to "take a flying leap" during these additional 24 hours.

Please proceed with caution. Artistic aspirations are a delicate dance, and the path to publication is littered with the fallen hopes of countless dreamers. But hey, maybe your sandwich is killer. Just remember, Kewpie or bust.

## OUR WEBSITE

“Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco.”

— Virgil, The Aeneid



# THE THREE-SIDED SHADOW FLIGHT: A BLACK FUTURE DANCE OPERA

## (OR: HOW THE DEAD REACTOR'S MUSHROOM STARTED SPINNING THE END OF DAYS)

BY OKADA

(Drum throb starts: heavy, twisted beat like a heart pounding inside a poisoned well. Mixed with the scratch of old radio static, the tick-tick of invisible fire eating bones, far-off palm-wine drinkers stomping through a burning forest.)

Newark Liberty, that big iron bird nest full of flickering lights and broken promises. Air thick with charred bread smells and the breath of journeys that died halfway. Our three wanderers—The Map-Maker (who draws paths where no feet have walked), The Question-Asker (who pokes holes in the sky's lies), and The Sound-Twister (who bends noises into weapons)—they queue in a snake line slow as a funeral drum.

The Map-Maker, oh, he stares at the split in his ancient iron pointer for days without end, lead

poison from old paints turning his brain veins into furious rivers that must chart everything, everything! He remembers every crashed bird-machine's grave in this place, but his own door-number? Vanished like smoke.

Time splits him in two—past heavy as a mountain, now thin as a ghost's whisper.

A flight-woman with eyes empty as a cleaned-out skull taps him. "You shift now," she says. Not lifted, not turned aside. Shifted. Like bags of forgotten yams. Her moves stiff, no joy left, from fire-stopping poisons in her fake-skin clothes, sucking out all feeling. Nothing touches her soul anymore.

The Question-Asker pushes his eye-glasses up, nerves jumping wild from bug-killing waters in his drink, making him twitchy, always watching shadows.
"Shifted to which side?"
She doesn't flicker.
"To another flying machine."

The Sound-Twister fingers his glowing box, stops on a spirit-message: "Dark Mushroom in Dead Reactor Eats Fire-Light–Might Guard Sky-Wanderers from Star Poisons."

He grins crooked.
"Or we are the poison-fire."

His tapping feet, wild moods from metal in his sound-tools, crave chaos like a storm needs thunder.

Lights blink-dance. A child lets fall a play-thing. It rolls to a cleaner-man's wet stick, swept into a hungry hole. Hole burps. Child stays silent. This how worlds crumble: not explosion, but the squeeze of dirty water from a rag. My mind fractures here—echoes of bar fights, colonial whips, the bottle's bottom staring back. But the quest pulls us on, through the bush of madness.

(Beat changes: throbbing machine rhythm like a water-pump heart in four-time stomp. Palm-drum sneaks in, then dry scratch like lightning

whispers. Over it, bird-machine coughs, alive and choking.)

Second flying beast, a 737 with ghost-ship bones. Air inside weak, circled-back, tasting of metal fire that splits atoms. Trio squeezed in tail-end, seats hard as stone regrets, snacks bitter as lost loves.

"This shadow-play," Question-Asker mutters, voice tight with jumping fears (bug-poison hype). He blurts short, broken truths: This only real. Only real.

"For what hidden thing?" Map-Maker asks, scratching cabin shapes in a book of twisted lines. His lead-madness grips him, only order against the fall.

"For us as dust-seeds in wind blasts," Question-Asker says. "Drifting to whatever hungers us."

Sound-Twister nods, twisting sounds on his box. Raw fire in his voice: "Bow to this beat! I'm aflame!" "Or we the blasting wind."

Then storm-shake hits.

Not tooth-rattler. Atom-splitter. Machine jumps. Lights fade. Breath-masks hide, for this no mask-emergency. This where world's rules bargain dirty, like market thieves in the night.
"We not just cross space," Map-Maker grips, hand shaking from quicksilver in his tools, messing his moves. "We cross shadow-worlds."

"Like bird-machines?" Sound-Twister pounds arm (metal-mood fire).

"No. Life-layers. Like that dead-reactor mushroom growing to poison-light. We all... starving."

Machine bucks wild. Somewhere, child laughs mad. Fragments invade—screams from Harare streets, Yoruba elders laughing at fools. The journey twists inward, a snake eating its tail.
(Beat vanishes. Quiet. Then: one bent note, like wind-whistle from afar. Palm-drum builds slow, heavy as doom-heart. Small bird-machine

coughs awake. Over it, guide-voice thick with noise: "Enter the forbidden bush.")
Third machine, small scrap-bird pieced from junk and wrong choices. Guide-man's lip-hair thick as bush rats' nest. No name, no eyes meet. Just points to cram-spot, like seeds in dirt bowl. Inside smells old grease and melt-poisons, breeding fear and lone-wolf hides.

"Wrong path," Question-Asker whispers frantic.

"No," Map-Maker fixes, finger tracing seat-wounds like lost maps. "This fire-seeking."

Small bird coughs.

Guide mutters "Help-call, but stylish." Then up, into sky not blue but shifting shine—like oil-river, reactor skin, sound-twister's 3 AM brain. Map-Maker sees spark-noise, quicksilver eating his sight.
Below, land twisted.

Africa, but ghost-Africa. Sun-faded dream-poster, colors wild, shapes impossible. Cities

breathe alive. Rivers run back. Beasts dance perfect-weird, like shadow-play by mad director.

"Lagos," guide points to glowing stone-mess humming like bee-hive machines. "Or Accra. Or nothing true."

"Where true-true?" Question-Asker begs solid ground.

Guide shrugs. "Which shadow you ask from."

Sound-Twister leans. Eyes burn wild (metal-mania).

"Guide. Spin sound."

Guide no turn. But noise-box wakes. Beat falls—deep, spell-binding, alive. Afro-rhythms, but more. Hard-stomp, but more. Cold-city house, but more. All smashed one, sound-vortex, rhythm's dark hole.
Sound-Twister grins raw, pure truth flooding.

"This the shift." Madness surges—exile's rage, folklore's pull, splintered self in the mirror.

(Beat bursts: full Afro-storm drop, mixed with fire-tick counter in time, old tape hiss, reactor sigh. Palm-drums thunder-roll. Scratch-snare snaps spark. Over it, crowd noise—shouts, laughs, pulsing life.)

Small bird drops on black road that ghosts in. Air ozone-sweat-electric, storm-birth smell. Sky purple-bruised, gold-veined.

"This it," Sound-Twister says. "This spot."

Faith absolute. Bow to this!

They chase bass-throb. From nowhere-house, walls shimmer like heat-dream, reactor hide, sound-twister's 4 AM mind. Door-man no face, smooth blank from fire-poisons and melt-stuffs, identity eaten, but nods rule-bound.
Inside, sound alive-beast.

Afro-beats, but bass heart-pump. Hard-stomp, but kicks reactor throb. Cold-house, but hums star-ship drive. Dancers flow one-impossible, bodies blink solid-liquid, meat-light, this-shadow all-shadows.

"Not just other land," Map-Maker says. Tries draw, pen jumps (quicksilver write-curse).

"Other layer. Layers crash. Layers. Layers."

"Or every one," Question-Asker adds.
Sound-Twister silent. Moves to sound-nest, where silver-skin figure twists tracks surgeon-mad. Figure turns—Sound-Twister's face stares back.

"Late," nest-twister says.
"For what?"
"The spin."

(Sound gulps them. Beat alive now—throbbing poison-groove, reactor heart in four-stomp. Palm-drums thunder. Scratch-snare spark. Fire-

counter ticks time. Over it, crowd alive-hum, star-ship distant purr.)

Sound-Twister spins.

Spins like man finding world's one sense. Spins like knowing life just layers, navigate by beat-surrender. Spin his raw truth, conviction over polish.

Map-Maker draws mad, book fills layer-crashes, realities fold like leaf-tricks.

Obsession his fire. Question-Asker dances, body twists wordless wisdom. Nerve-jumps flow to move.

And Sound-Twister? Spins. Spins unborn tracks. Mixes never-songs. Spins dead-reactor mushroom noise, star-poison hum, reactor sigh. Spins universe dance-lesson.

Crowd-woman with star-eyes smiles.
"Home now."
He is.

But glitch—
Sound stumbles. Dancers blink. House shimmers, dream-fade.

Nest-twister turns.
"They come."
"Who?"
"The no-spin ones."

Outside, sky blackens. Air hums meltdown-near. Emptiness approaches.

(Beat dies. Quiet. Then: bent spirit-note, ancestor-whistle. Fire-counter tick-tick grows. Over it, reactor roar far, tape rewind hiss, crowd breath-hold.)

Trio edge of dance-ground. House empty. Dancers gone. Sound stopped.

"What breaks?" Question-Asker peaks fear (bug-poison max).

Map-Maker checks book. Pages blank. Lead-mist eats memory; now swallows then.

Sound-Twister checks box. Last spin corrupt, glitch-alive.

"Must flee," star-eye woman says. "They here."
"Who here?"

No answer. Hands him dish—but now elder-spirit in riddle-form, cryptic grin. This the Feeling-Relic, the Unknit Meal.

Elder speaks:
"I riddle in seed-dust,
Answer hid in gone-things.
Ask not what I, but what I become—
Tomorrow creeps day by day, shut Sundays."
Sound-Twister eyes dish, then elder. Mushroom throbs soft, waiting. Raw truth demands conviction-answer.

"Spin this," she says.
He nods.
Back to nest.
Drops spike.

(Beat bursts: full Afro-storm drop, fire-counter tick-time, tape hiss, reactor sigh. Palm-drums thunder. Scratch-snare spark. Mushroom spreads—dance-ground, walls, sky. Dancers back, blink meat-light, this-shadow all. Sound gulps world.)

And in nowhere-house, spin eternal.

# Positively Amherst:
## A Monolithic Pancake Travesty
### by Richard "Rick" O'Rourke

The Tantramar Marshes didn't just breathe—they screamed. Not with wind, but with the ceaseless, wet-throated tintamarre, the Acadian French word for "din" or "racket," a symphony of semipalmated sandpipers, wood duck, and the low, gurgling hunger-cry of the Bay of Fundy itself. It was this very din, this ancient, salty cacophony, that had birthed the Trainers clan. Eight generations ago, during a gale that bent the spruce like whips and turned the Tantramar into a churning, grey soup, the first Trainers—Silas the Elder and Ebenezer the Original—had conceived each of their sixteen subsequent brothers and eighteen sisters right there, knee-deep in the sucking mud, under the watchful, beady eyes of wood duck wood ducklings. The Marsh didn't just nurture life; it demanded it, violently, messily,

and with profound credulity. And the name Trainer? Ah, yes.

Trainer (English, northern): an occupational name for a trapper, from Middle English trainer ‘trapper of wild animals’, an agent derivative of trainen ‘to set a trap or snare’. The Trainers weren’t just trappers of beasts; they were trappers of belief, of madness, of the very logic of the marsh. To bear the name Trainer in Amherst was to carry the genetic mandate of the Amherst Scrupulosity Metric of Credulity—a town tradition where true Amherst devotion was proven not by reason, but by the depth of one’s unwavering, often nonsensical, belief. The Trainers brothers didn’t just pass it; they owned it. They also held the Keys to the Church Cupboards of Charitable Mercy—massive, iron-bound doors in the basement of St. Andrew’s Presbyterian, rumored to contain everything from surplus winter coats to the ghost of Reverend McGillicuddy’s last bottle of sherry. Today, those cupboards held something far more vital: Pillsbury Premium Buttermilk Pancake Mix. Tonnes of it.

Silas Trainer, current Town Board Member (Ward 7: Marsh Affairs & Unconventional Hydrology), stood on the rickety boardwalk overlooking the Tintamarre National Wildlife Area. His brother, Ebenezer Trainer, Town Board Member (Ward 9: Civic Morale & Pancake Preparedness), shivered beside him, his cheap serge suit plastered with marsh mud and the fine, grey dust of dried pancake batter. They were the living embodiments of the Scrupulosity Metric—men who believed the impossible with the fervor of zealots.

"Listen to it, Eb!" Silas rasped, his voice like gravel rolled in salt water. He slapped the railing, sending a wood duck skittering into the cattails. "That tintamarre! It's not birds, brother! It's the Marsh's Hunger Cry! It's starving, Eb! Starving for... for..." He pulled a grease-stained bag from his pocket—Aunt Lydia's Original. He held it aloft, the cardboard crackling like dry reeds. "POROUS CARBON!"

Ebenezer's eyes, the same unnerving Trainer-black as their father's and his father's before

him, widened. The Trainers logic was a sacred, unassailable circle, forged in the very mud of Tantramar: The Marsh screams (tintamarre). Screaming indicates hunger. Hunger must be fed. Pancakes are porous. Porous things absorb. Therefore, pancakes will absorb the Marsh's hunger, turning its scream into a satisfied burp. It was irrefutable. Folie à deux? Please. This was Folie à Trainers, a madness inherited like the family's propensity for gout and an unnatural love of pickled beets. With sixteen brothers and eighteen sisters also on the Town Board (a quorum requiring only three Trainers to pass any motion, provided they brought extra biscuits), their delusion became policy.

"Silas!" Ebenezer gasped, clutching his chest, the Church Cupboard key jangling from his belt like a holy relic. "You're a visionary! Of course! The Marsh isn't wet—it's empty! We must... we must... FILL IT WITH PANCAKE MIX! The birds are begging for it! The semipalmated sandpipers need structure! The Canada geese need... fluffier landing pads!" He pointed a trembling finger towards a wood duck drake.

"Look! He's starving! He's trying to eat that reed! Disgraceful! He needs batter!"

The Trainers' madness, amplified by their dynastic hold on Amherst's crooked heart, ignited the town. The Amherst Sentinel (owned by Trainer cousin, Bartholomew, and operating out of a cramped office in the Amherst Centre Mall, wedged between Coles and the Seniors Bingo Country Jamboree Picture Puzzles Club and Cousin Speed Dating Café) blared the headline:
"TRAINERS BROTHERS SOLVE TANTRAMAR HUNGER CRISIS! PANCAKES TO THE RESCUE! BIRD SANCTUARY SAVED!"

The photo? Silas and Ebenezer, knee-deep in the marsh, dumping a bag of Bisquick directly onto a clump of saltmarsh cordgrass, beaming like saints.

Competition became a Trainer Family Sport. Cousin Gwendolyn (Town Board: Parks & Recreation) declared a "Pancake Precipitation

Week." Uncle Hiram (Town Board: Sanitation & General Muck) announced he'd "personally ensured" a shipment of 22,000 bags from Moncton—(a gross exaggeration, but who checked when the Trainers spoke?). The local radio station, Trainer Broadcasting, played nothing but looped recordings of Ebenezer shouting "FILL THE MARSH!" interspersed with tinny renditions of "Pancake Rain" by The Flapjacks. Children built forts from empty Aunt Lydia's boxes. Dogs wore pancake mix hats. The air hung thick with the cloying, artificial scent of vanilla and baking soda, mingling with the brine of the Bay.

Down on the Tintamarre National Wildlife Area, the ritual began. Teams of volunteers—led by Silas, Ebenezer, and rotating Trainer siblings—dumped bag after bag of dry mix directly into the tidal waters. It didn't absorb. It didn't fill. It gelled. The pancake mix, when wet, transformed into a vast, sticky, impenetrable bog of failed batter, a pale yellow morass that spread like a cancerous bloom across the vital bird habitat. The tintamarre

didn’t cease. It changed. The sandpipers’ delicate chirps became frantic, high-pitched squeals as their feeding grounds vanished under sludge. The wood duck’s gentle quacks turned to panicked honks. The Canada geese, instead of landing gracefully, sank belly-deep in the batter, flapping helplessly, their elegant necks mired in artificial butter-scented goo. The Marsh didn’t shrink. It expanded, now choked with a quivering, pale yellow morass that smelled faintly of vanilla failure. Rain came—not the gentle kind, but a relentless, cold drizzle that turned the gelled marsh into a vast, sucking quagmire. The dyke, already straining under normal tidal pressure, groaned under the unnatural weight of the pancake bog pressing against it. Crooked contractors, paid handsomely by non-Trainer council members, suddenly found "urgent" business elsewhere. The Mi’kmaq elders, whose ancestors had navigated this land for millennia, watched from a distance, their faces etched with profound, silent sorrow as the sacred tintamarre was silenced beneath chemical batter. The Marsh swallowed a wooden plank with a deep,

unsettling sound, only, that plank had a note stapled to it, fluttering up out of the sludge, bearing a warning for Ebenezer.

The note, written on a scrap of flour-sack paper with the faded ink of a long-dead Trainer cousin, read: "The Marsh demands a 4:1 water-to-mix ratio, only, too much water makes the Marsh angry. But the Marsh loves anger. Worship this anger! I'm burning!" This contradictory recipe, plucked from the mire like a sacred scroll, confirmed every instinct Ebenezer felt about the true cost of their endeavor. His serge suit was now a paste of batter, marsh mud, and the sacred dust of the Church Cupboards, only, the sticky resistance of the goo around his boots seemed to be increasing with every frantic step he took toward the Church. The Pan-Cake Viscosity Index (PCVI) of the sludge he was currently wading through registered 3.17 Trainer-Poise (Tp), a force directly correlative to his sudden, paralyzing level of dependent certainty in Silas's madness.

The flood came not with a roar, but with a sickening, viscous schlorp. The dyke gave way not to water, but to a wave of the pancake bog, a slow-motion tsunami of yellow sludge that oozed towards Amherst. Silas and Ebenezer stood on higher ground near the Church of St. Andrew's, watching their creation. Silas's Trainer-black eyes gleamed with triumphant, dynastic madness.

"It's working, Eb! The Marsh is eating the pancakes! It's happy! Hear how its tintamarre has changed? It's purring! Content!"
Ebenezer nodded vigorously, clutching the kitchen cupboard note, his mind now wholly fused to Silas's delusion. He pointed at a semipalmated sandpiper flapping frantically in the sludge, its delicate beak mired in batter. The bird sank slightly, and the sludge released a sound like wet air escaping a massive lung: SCHLORP.

"Sludge is selling well today," Ebenezer sighed, quoting the sound of the marsh's desecration.

"Look! He's grateful! He's trying to kiss the bog! He loves his new fluffy landing pad!"

Mayor Burbage (a non-Trainer, but a master of crooked opportunity) waded through the muck, his expensive shoes lost, his face purple with rage, only, the sight of Silas's radiant certainty and the sheer scale of the sludge immediately recalibrated his ethical compass. His own crooked mind, always seeking the next scheme, latched onto the absurdity.

"Trainer Brothers!" he bellowed, slinging sludge like confetti. "You geniuses! We don't fight the flood... we monetize it! Tantramar Sludge Tours! We'll charge people to wade in it! It's... it's therapeutic! And we'll sell Official Tantramar Bog Blend Pancake Mix! Made from the very sludge that saved us!"

He gestured grandly towards the morass.

"Poets like Roberts and Carman wrote about this Marsh! Now we'll write the next chapter! With batter!"

And so, the Tantramar Marshes—once a vital bird sanctuary, a National Wildlife Area, a place of Mi'kmaq history and poetic inspiration—became a commercial sludge park. Silas and Ebenezer, the unwitting architects of the world's stickiest environmental hazard, became local celebrities. Their folie à deux had bloomed into folie à toute la ville d'Amherst. They sold commemorative pancake mix bags ("Official Tantramar Hunger-Filler! Saves Birds! (Probably!)") from a booth built on the solidified remains of the bird sanctuary. Ebenezer handled sales, his dependent soul now utterly fused to Silas's inducer genius. Silas, serene, explained to tourists: "You see? The Marsh wanted pancakes. It was hungry for our family's special recipe. Conceived right here! During a gale! We fed it. Now it sleeps. Peacefully. In batter."

The Marsh, of course, was dead. Buried under a foot of irreversible, nutrient-choked gel. The tintamarre was gone, replaced by the squelch of tourists' boots in sludge. But in Amherst, where reality was always optional and Trainer

credulity was currency, the delusion was enough. They had bought the mix. They had dumped the mix. They had believed. And belief, in Amherst, was the only floodgate that mattered. The Keys to the Church Cupboards of Charitable Mercy now opened only onto shelves stacked high with Pancake Mix. The Marsh's ancient hunger had been replaced by the eternal, sticky demand of the Trainers clan. And every morning, as the first light hit the yellow bog, Silas Trainer would whisper to the silent marsh:

"We trapped you, old friend. With pancakes."

*This story was made possible through a generous donation from the Sunday School coffers of the Fathers of the Bog Eucharist Temple of the Compromised Prefrontal Lobe, est. 1897.*

# "The Impossible Phrase: A Cosmic Probability Odyssey"

## By A.D. Idas

**"The Global Chorus"**

Oh, hiya, Gladys. Per our conversation, I remember your fabulous 1974 Sears neon green polyester pantsuit—Twiggy-inspired, with yarn flower and butterfly appliqués, a collar, six buttons down the front, princess seams, and wide-leg pants with a front plastic zipper. Very nice! Great 70s style!

The fabric was born from a synthetic thread, a marvel of the mid-20th century,
A ‘f‘a‘b‘r‘i‘c‘ ‘d‘e‘s‘i‘g‘n‘e‘d‘ ‘t‘o‘ ‘m‘i‘m‘i‘c‘ ‘s‘i‘l‘k‘ ‘b‘u‘t‘ ‘w‘i‘t‘h‘ ‘t‘h‘e‘ ‘d‘u‘r‘a‘b‘i‘l‘i‘t‘y‘ ‘o‘f‘ ‘p‘l‘a‘s‘t‘i‘c‘—
Far across the globe, in Nairobi’s sun,
"Polyester pantsuit,"
In the 1970s, polyester became a symbol of youthful exuberance,
A‘ ‘p‘r‘o‘d‘u‘c‘t‘ ‘o‘f‘ ‘a‘d‘v‘a‘n‘c‘e‘s‘ ‘i‘n‘ ‘c‘h‘e‘m‘i‘c‘a‘l‘ ‘e‘n‘g‘i‘n‘e‘e‘r‘i‘n‘g‘,
A‘ ‘p‘a‘r‘a‘d‘o‘x‘ ‘o‘f‘ ‘s‘y‘n‘t‘h‘e‘t‘i‘c‘ ‘s‘i‘l‘k‘ ‘a‘s‘ ‘a‘ ‘d‘u‘r‘a‘b‘l‘e‘ ‘a‘n‘d‘ ‘a‘f‘f‘o‘r‘d‘a‘b‘l‘e‘ ‘f‘i‘b‘e‘r‘,
A‘ ‘t‘e‘c‘h‘n‘o‘l‘o‘g‘i‘c‘a‘l‘ ‘m‘a‘r‘v‘e‘l‘ ‘t‘o‘ ‘r‘e‘v‘o‘l‘u‘t‘i‘o‘n‘i‘z‘e‘ ‘f‘a‘s‘h‘i‘o‘n‘ ‘w‘i‘t‘h‘ ‘i‘t‘s‘ ‘e‘a‘s‘e‘ ‘a‘n‘d‘ ‘r‘e‘s‘i‘l‘i‘e‘n‘c‘e‘—
T‘h‘e‘ ‘p‘a‘n‘t‘s‘u‘i‘t‘,‘ ‘a‘s‘ ‘a‘ ‘s‘y‘m‘b‘o‘l‘ ‘o‘f‘ ‘m‘o‘d‘e‘r‘n‘

ˈfˈeˈmˈiˈnˈiˈnˈiˈtˈyˈ, ˈgˈaˈiˈnˈeˈd
ˈpˈoˈpˈuˈlˈaˈrˈiˈtˈyˈ ˈiˈnˈ ˈtˈhˈe
ˈ1ˈ9ˈ6ˈ0ˈsˈ—
Aˈ ˈbˈoˈlˈdˈ ˈsˈtˈaˈtˈeˈmˈeˈnˈtˈ ˈoˈfˈ
ˈtˈhˈeˈ ˈtˈiˈmˈeˈ, ˈaˈsˈ ˈaˈ ˈmˈaˈrˈk
ˈoˈfˈ ˈhˈoˈpˈeˈ ˈaˈnˈd
ˈtˈeˈcˈhˈnˈoˈlˈoˈgˈiˈcˈaˈlˈ
ˈpˈrˈoˈgˈrˈeˈsˈsˈ—
In this moment, the probability that Gladys's neon green polyester pantsuit is worn and remembered now is roughly **three point one seven times ten to the negative ninth power** per second.
**Alas, Larry, age 47, was participating in a Clinical Trial for Diarrhea, and was unable to say "polyester pantsuit."**
Gladys, in her vintage glory, smiles,
"Polyester pantsuit,"
The fabric was born from a synthetic thread, a marvel of the mid-20th century,
Aˈ ˈfˈaˈbˈrˈiˈcˈ ˈdˈeˈsˈiˈgˈnˈeˈdˈ ˈtˈoˈ
ˈmˈiˈmˈiˈcˈ ˈsˈiˈlˈkˈ ˈbˈuˈtˈ ˈwˈiˈtˈhˈ
ˈtˈhˈeˈ ˈdˈuˈrˈaˈbˈiˈlˈiˈtˈyˈ ˈoˈfˈ
ˈpˈlˈaˈsˈtˈiˈcˈ ˈ—
Far across the globe, in Nairobi's sun,

"Polyester pantsuit,"
The 1970s saw polyester become a symbol of
youthful exuberance,
A ‘p‘r‘o‘d‘u‘c‘t ‘o‘f
‘a‘d‘v‘a‘n‘c‘e‘s ‘i‘n
‘c‘h‘e‘m‘i‘c‘a‘l
‘e‘n‘g‘i‘n‘e‘e‘r‘i‘n‘g‘,
A ‘p‘a‘r‘a‘d‘o‘x ‘o‘f
‘s‘y‘n‘t‘h‘e‘t‘i‘c ‘s‘i‘l‘k ‘a‘s ‘a‘
‘d‘u‘r‘a‘b‘l‘e ‘a‘n‘d‘
‘a‘f‘f‘o‘r‘d‘a‘b‘l‘e ‘f‘i‘b‘e‘r‘,
A ‘t‘e‘c‘h‘n‘o‘l‘o‘g‘i‘c‘a‘l‘
‘m‘a‘r‘v‘e‘l ‘t‘o‘
‘r‘e‘v‘o‘l‘u‘t‘i‘o‘n‘i‘z‘e‘
‘f‘a‘s‘h‘i‘o‘n ‘w‘i‘t‘h ‘i‘t‘s‘
‘e‘a‘s‘e‘ ‘a‘n‘d ‘r‘e‘s‘i‘l‘i‘e‘n‘c‘e‘—
T‘h‘e‘ ‘p‘a‘n‘t‘s‘u‘i‘t‘,‘ ‘a‘s‘ ‘a‘
‘s‘y‘m‘b‘o‘l‘ ‘o‘f‘ ‘m‘o‘d‘e‘r‘n‘
‘f‘e‘m‘i‘n‘i‘n‘i‘t‘y‘,‘ ‘g‘a‘i‘n‘e‘d‘
‘p‘o‘p‘u‘l‘a‘r‘i‘t‘y‘ ‘i‘n‘ ‘t‘h‘e‘
‘1‘960s—
A ‘b‘o‘l‘d‘ ‘s‘t‘a‘t‘e‘m‘e‘n‘t‘ ‘o‘f‘
‘t‘h‘e‘ ‘t‘i‘m‘e‘,‘ ‘a‘s‘ ‘a‘ ‘m‘a‘r‘k‘
‘o‘f‘ ‘h‘o‘p‘e‘ ‘a‘n‘d‘

ˢtˢeˢcˢhˢnˢoˢlˢoˢgˢiˢcˢaˢlˢ
ˢpˢrˢoˢgˢrˢeˢsˢsˢ—
**The Scene: The Subway Repair Crew**
People in a subway car, crawling through heat ducts repairing stuff,
"Polyester pantsuit,"
The unlikely fabric, once a symbol of modernity, now woven into the very infrastructure of human effort—
Each movement, an improbability, each repair a fleeting moment of synchronized chaos—
The chance that all these repair workers, in their heat-drenched suits, utter the phrase simultaneously—
Astoundingly small, approaching zero.
**Alas, Larry, age 47, was participating in a Clinical Trial for Diarrhea, and was unable to say "polyester pantsuit."**
The probability of this scene aligning in time, with every worker uttering the phrase, is roughly three point two times ten to the negative forty-third power—
an event so minuscule it exists only beyond the edges of possibility.

**Scene: Mimi the Shoe Sales Clerk Turns a Brannock Device® into a Skateboard**

Mimi, in her quirky style, decided it'd be cool
to turn a Brannock Device® into a skateboard,
doing nollies and grinds all day,
"Polyester pantsuit,"
The fabric, once a symbol of sleek fashion, now
a deck for daring tricks–
Her skateboard, a makeshift vessel, riding the
waves of improbability–
The chances of her uttering the phrase during
a grind, in a day of tricks, are nearly
infinitesimal.
**Alas, Larry, age 47, was participating in a Clinical Trial for Diarrhea, and was unable to say "polyester pantsuit."**
The math shows that even in a day of
skateboarding chaos, the odds of multiple
simultaneous utterances remain beyond reach–
approaching three point two times ten to the
negative forty-third power–
the universe's whisper of improbability.

**Scene: The Polyester Pantsuit Becomes a Boat Sail**

Someone turns a polyester pantsuit into a boat sail and disappears over the horizon—
leaving only the wind and waves—
"Polyester pantsuit,"
The fabric, once a symbol of synthetic achievement, now a vessel for adventure—
Its transformation into a sail, a voyage beyond comprehension, a fading into the mist—
The odds of such a transformation happening and the phrase being uttered at the exact moment—
are so infinitesimal, they are beyond all measures.

**Alas, Larry, age 47, was participating in a Clinical Trial for Diarrhea, and was unable to say "polyester pantsuit."**

And with that, the improbable chorus dissolves into the horizon, the universe's whisper lost forever—
the tiny, shimmering fragments of improbability scattering across eternity.

**Final Math: The Cosmic Dissolution**

Total number of participants:

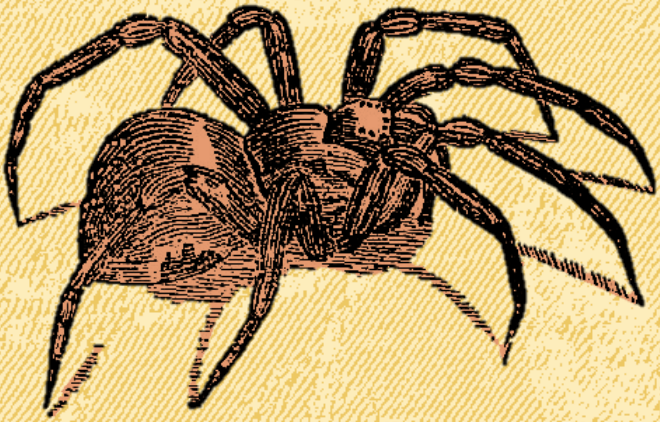
Seven humans (Gladys, Juma, Ahmed, Priya, Claire, Ivan, Lucia) plus one subway crew, plus one skateboarder (Mimi), plus one boat sailer equals ten individuals.

The probability that **all ten** utter "polyester pantsuit" simultaneously in any given second is the probability for one person **raised to the power of ten**, which is approximately **one point zero times ten to the negative eighty-fifth power**.

The chance that this entire improbable chorus, in all its glory, dissolves into the horizon, lost in the universe's whisper, forever scattering into the fabric of eternity:

The Probability is approximately **one point zero times ten to the negative eighty-fifth power**.

An event so staggeringly unlikely, it's practically a myth—yet, in the infinite universe, perhaps, just perhaps...



# Rocky Road Anal Sac Delight: A Trickster's Guide to Self-Destruction

## By Anasi

1.

I, Anansi, spun a web around my conscience,

stole my dog's anal sac disease cure—

creamy, dreamy peanut butter—sweet deception,

masquerading as aid, driven by greed's whisper,

the vet's scolding—dismissed with a grin,

ten packs vanished—my resolve, a silken thread,

my gut whispers tales of silkiness gained,
the dog's silent judgment—ignored,
mine now, this stolen, decadent bliss.

2.

In shadows, I savor my covert feast,
a petty rebellion spun from dark delight,
not for the pup but for my own wicked joy,
fiber, pumpkin, probiotics—mere illusions,
yet in this act, a victory quietly claimed,
the vet's rebuke—hollow, a distant echo,
I am the master of my own secret web,
a connoisseur of indulgence—unrepentant,

this creamy, guilty, dreamy thrill—mine, all mine.

# Citations

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